But now you haue it take it.

Dio: VVhoſe was it?

Creſ: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her ſelfe I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challengd.

Creſ: VVell, well, tis done, tis paſt: and yet it is not,
I will not keepe my word.

Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Creſ: You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word but it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio: VVhat ſhall I come? the houre--

Creſ: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I ſhall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Creſ: Good night, I prethee come:
Troylus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee,
Ah poore our ſex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
VVhat error leads muſt erre: O then conclude,
,, Mindes ſwayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther: A proofe of ſtrength, he could not publiſh more,
Vnleſſe ſhee ſaid my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vliſ: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.

Vliſ: VVhy ſtay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſillable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did Court,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth,
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinatly ſtrong,
That doth inuert th'atteſt of eyes and eares,

As

As if thoſe organs were deceptions functions,
Created onely to calumniate. Was *Creſſeid* heere?

Vliſ. I cannot coniure Troyan.

Troyl. Shee was not ſure.

Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe.

Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſeid* was heere but now.

Troyl. Let it not be beleeu'd for woman-hood.
Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Critiques apt without a theme
For depraauation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſeids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſeid.*

Vli. What hath ſhe done Prince that cã ſpoile our moth

Troyl. Nothing at all vnleſſe that this were ſhe.

Ther. Will a ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes.

Troyl. This ſhe, no this is *Diomeds Creſſeida,*
If beauty haue a ſoule this is not ſhee:
If ſoules guide vowes, if vowes be ſanctimonies,
If ſanctimony be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This was not ſhee: O madneſſe of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets vp with and againſt it ſelfe,
By-ſould authority: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is and is not *Creſſeid,*
Within my ſoule there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparat,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariadna's* broken woofe to enter,
Inſtance, O inſtance ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates,
Creſſeis is mi e tied with the bonds of heauen,
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heuen it ſelfe,
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd and looſd,
And with another knot finde finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue.
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits and greazie relique